FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

Volume XXVIII, Number 2, April 1977

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880 - 1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of Fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS

APRIL 1977

1 Editorial
2 God Is My Refuge *by Frances Brandon Neighbours*
3 The Stained-Glass Window *by Martha Bower*
Proof *by Nina Willis Walter*
Poem *by Harry Romaine*
4 The President's Comments *by Reuben L. Musey*
6 Project 77 *by Dennis Barry Carroll*
7 Followthrough *by Samuel M. Silver*
8 Night Prayer For Children *by Samuel M. Silver*
Planting The Seed *by Cornelia Bagarotti*
9 I Learn To Float *by Emily Sargent Councilman*
10 Progress To The Backward Climb *by Thomas O. Perkins*
11 Red Badge *by Bettie M. Sellers*
Snowdrops Of Spring *by Eleanor Ebersole*
12 If Not You *by Florence B. Unangst*
13 More Tales *by Francis Merchant*
16 Rembrandt's "Old Man Praying" *by Patrick N. Ellingham*
17 Vallee Blanche *by Nina Romano*
Priority *by Pollyanna Sedziol*
18 No Time *by L. J. Stout*
Seed For All Seasons *by Alma Ebert*
19 The Practice Of Truth *by George Edwin Burnell*
25 In Mirrored Beauty *by Howard A. Dettmers*
26 The Angelic Doctor *by Michaelina Buonocore*
27 Waiting *by Terry W. Brown*
28 Are You Listening? *by John E. Vance*
Work *by Nina Willis Walter*
31 Spage Age *By Edna Margaret Long*
32 What Will Be *by Eleanor Ebersole*
The Disciple Who Liked Bones *by Joan Elliott Pickart*
34 I Stand Into White Arches *by Nixeon Civille Handy*
God Speaks To Me *by Martha Fowler Reichle*
3 Cinquain *by Richard Ward*
35 Notices & Comment
Back Cover: Eternal Life *by Blanche Landers*

Copyright 1977 by Fellowship in Prayer, Inc.

EDITORIAL

WHY SHORTCOMINGS ARE NOT UNIMPORTANT

ONE OF THE LARGEST surprises of my life was to discover that it was not with my capacities but with my faults and defaults that other people identified. I saw that we human beings are bound together by our knowledge of ourselves. Are you—in the privacy of your soul—like me? Really and truly? If so, I see that you and I are both frail and untrustworthy little boats on the same awesomely huge sea. If I let you see that I am the same as you, then you make the similar discovery about me. In our mutual guilt, we are able to understand and forgive each other. Whereupon, as friends, we can begin to work at being something better than what we are, encouraging each other and getting hope out of each other's changes for the better.

When I was young--having been raised in a climate that promoted psychology, believing that we were all what we were as a result of our childhoods, our mothers, our fathers, our sibling rivals—I sought help from the purveyors of this modern faith, and more often than not got it. This help usually was supplied in the form of admonitions to face what I was, adjust to it, and be happy to the extent that a prepocessed entity such as myself ever could. The great problem connected with this was my inability to do sufficient adjusting. Something that could not be analyzed out of me stubbornly went in knowing that a lot of what I was could hardly be regarded as right or tenable or even endurable. . . . Not until I reached middle age did I discover that the way for me was not to adjust but to attempt to change what I was.

I discovered indeed that solace and even some comfort existed in the struggle to change and that only by making such a struggle persistently could I begin to acquire that freedom from self that I realized was desirable. The effort had to be not just daily but almost hourly, sometimes moment-to-moment. . . . After doing some struggling, I began to achieve periods of freedom. I called them after the feeling they gave me, "still-

ness," although now, some years later, "stillness" does not strike me as being active enough a word to convey the spiritual ferment and vitality involved.

Call them what you like, these periods (of meditation, really) prepared me to take my first approaches toward the act of prayer. I reported some of these approaches—nervous and confused—in these pages at the time. . . . What I can see now about these highly tentative beginnings was that they were possible because I had made a genuine effort to change and rid myself of my shortcomings. That, I see, was the necessary first step. That, I see, is the necessary continuing step to be taken every day of my life. It is not just a clearing of the mind, a getting ready, a waiting. It is an invitation to—a signal to—the better things. —P.G.

GOD IS MY REFUGE

Frances Brandon Neighbours

God is my refuge
from myself
when SELF
becomes
more selfish
than selfless,
more peevish
than peaceful,
more intolerant
than tender:
God is my refuge
from myself
when I wander,
alone and lost,
in a wilderness.
His love guides me
to a green valley;
His love is a refuge
from the storm
within my SELF.

THE STAINED-GLASS WINDOW

Martha Bower

The stained-glass window
Of the church across the road
Translates familiar scenery
Into a translucent code
That lets us mortals view
The world through eyes of belief.
We see December's sludge
As April's fresh green leaf.

PROOF

Nina Willis Walter

So long as there are buds upon a bough,
And grass blades always pushing through the sod,
We know that life eternal is a fact,
And sing our songs of thankfulness to God.

POEM

Harry Romaine

At the muezzin's call for prayer,
The kneeling faithful thronged the square,
And on Pushkara's lofty height
The dark priest chanted Brahma's might.
Amid a monastery's weeds
An old Franciscan told his beads;
While to the synagogue there came
A Jew to praise Jehovah's name.
The one great God looked down and smiled
And counted each His loving child:
For Turk and Brahmin, monk and Jew
Had reached Him through the gods they knew.

Contributed by Betty Daly.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS by Reuben L. Musey

THE HALL OF THE CRUCIFIXION

Prologue. . .

AGAIN, the light of Easter dawns and people throughout the world in unison proclaim these words of Mark's: "He is Risen; he is not here: Behold the place where they laid him. . . ."

At Calvary they crucified him!

From death to life eternal! This is Easter.

My thought at this season of the year, the glorious springtime, turn to Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale, California. Housed in a special building constructed solely for its purpose hangs the world's most tremendous and dramatic religious work of art—Jan Styka's painting. "The Crucifixion," a massive monument to the great message it contains, the last moments just before Jesus was nailed to the Cross.

Mainstream. . . .

In the last decade of the nineteenth century, Ignace Jan Paderewski—a young Polish musician in his native Lemberg—was enthralled by a painting depicting the age-old fight for freedom of Poland from the tyranny of its oppressors.

Paderewski shared this compelling emotion with Jan Styka, a young artist friend. Both knew the deep spiritual meaning of the word freedom, having been born into an enslaved country.

The young musician conceived an idea to create a painting that would impress upon mankind—forever—the great lesson of the underlying principle of freedom—freedom as it was granted through the sacrifice of Christ on the Cross at Golgotha.

Paderewski's idea became an obsession with Styka. The artist saw it as the culminating experience of his life—the reason for his art. A pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where in a fervor of piety Styka explored, sketched, and questioned, followed. In the year spent there not even the smallest details of the day of days escaped him.

Returning home, he began with amazing thoroughness and rare meticulousness to paint the Crucifixion on a canvas one-

hundred and ninety feet long and forty-five feet high. Working day after day—twelve and fourteen hours at a session—he plied his brush. Finally—in 1895—the painting was completed.

In 1900, the painting was brought to America, hopefully to be displayed at the St. Louis Exhibition, but a series of mishaps prevented this from happening. Misfortune followed: the painting passed into the hands of others and finally was rolled up and put in storage—lost to the world.

Dr Hubert Eaton, a theologian, learned of the painting, and through his untiring efforts the majestic Hall of the Crucifixion came into being, for the purpose of protecting and displaying Jan Styka's dramatic and religious masterpiece and to preserve and perpetuate it for posterity.

A panoramic view shows people—curiosity bent—streaming to the top of the hill from every gate in the city: in the center background, between the crosses in the foreground, crouch the four executioners; in front of them a battalion of soldiers, and the two thieves Dismas and Gesmas, who will be crucified with Christ. At the left, on the edge of the cliff, stands Joseph of Arimathea, a follower of Jesus. In front of Mary, the mother of Jesus, is His beloved disciple John; Mary, the wife of Cleophus; Lazarus and his sister Martha; and, on her knees, crouches Mary Magdalene, a woman abandoned to despair. Her long red hair unbound, she prays for a miracle to avert the ruthless sentence of His death.

The center of these conflicting emotions, Jesus stands alone. At His feet lie the scarlet robe, the crown of thorns, and the reed with which His persecutors mocked Him. His eyes, expressing faith, not fear, He stands looking to His Father in Heaven for strength to endure the ordeal of the Cross.

The moment is at hand, the portentous last moment.

Epilogue. . . .

Easter, 1977.

The message that is unrivaled for all time, telling us "The Christ" of Easter, who was crucified on Calvary at Golgotha holds within His nail-scarred hands all power—the sun of Resurrection, bringing with it, in the words of the Saviour Himself, a

message of salvation for all men: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish but have everlasting life."

PROJECT 77 —

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

Dennis Barry Carroll

THIS YEAR, at the behest of President Reuben L. Musey, the Fellowship is undertaking Project 77 — The Religions of the World.

The interfaith and international character of the Fellowship is a reflection of its purpose. Striving to concretize these ideals in twentieth-century life, members of the Fellowship are at work in all of the United States and thirty-three foreign countries.

Project 77 is being introduced as a way of collaborating with members throughout the world to bring about a more widespread integration of religion and contemporary culture.

Project 77 is built around the theme "Understanding Among God's People," emphasizing the Fellowship's concern for peoples of differing religions. To highlight this concern, a brief survey of the major religions of the world will be incorporated into the President's Comments during the year.

"Understanding Among God's People" means — essentially — communicating. To communicate means more than to present. It means to make sure that a message is received and understood as well.

The history of the expansion of Christianity began with the Apostles. Judaism is the religion founded by Moses. Islam is the sole major religion originated after Christianity. The Chinesehave produced Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. The symbol of the eightfold path, a wheel with eight spokes, has become as much the symbol of Buddhism as the cross is of Chris-

tianity. Hinduism is the world's oldest religion. The rites and customs of Shintoism also go back into prehistoric times.

In this month of April, Christians throughout the world celebrate Easter, while Jews celebrate Passover.

We start Project 77 in the hope of finding the real meaning of the Fellowship's purpose—namely, that there may arise "a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind."

FOLLOWTHROUGH

Samuel M. Silver

THIS IS the age of sports. Recreation takes up a lot of our time. Accounts of athletic exhibitions take up a great deal of space in our newspapers. The appeal for a sound body in a sound mind is constant.

We play baseball. We play tennis. We swim. We enjoy a host of sports. Very popular is golf. Men spend money and time mastering the skill needed for the game of golf.

Each sport has its own vocabulary, too. The terms used in one sport are rarely used in another. Those who pursue the little white pellet enjoy discussing the game almost as much as playing it. How often golfers will chat about their favorite pasttime. They will emphasize the need of what is called followthrough.

If followthrough is important in the game of golf, it is also important in the game of life.

You made certain vows, didn't you? You have made promises of various kinds, haven't you? Each new year you make certain resolutions, don't you? What about followthrough? How about living up to those commitments? Each time we see a photo of a golf game, or pass a golf links or play the game, let us promise once more that we shall not only recognize what is right and vital but also follow through with deeds and actions which will testify to our obedience to the mandates of Almighty God.

NIGHT PRAYER FOR CHILDREN

Samuel M. Silver

O God as I go to sleep tonight
I pray to you with all my might.
Help me to be gay and bright,
Always be my parents' delight,
And teach me to enjoy what's right. . .

Shma Yisrael Adoneye Elohaynu Adoneye Echahd
Hear, O Israel, The Lord Our God The Lord is One.

Baruch Shaym Kvod Malchuto L'Olahm Vah-Ed
Praised be his name whose glorious kingdom is
forever and ever.

God bless my parents, my grandparents, my brothers,
My sisters, my aunts and uncles and cousins,
My teachers. . . (etc.)

PLANTING THE SEED

Cornelia Bagarotti

THE POLITICS of the world of our time is one of recrimination and condemnation, of an attempt to legislate virtue and decent dealing between the citizenry.

But virtue and honorable dealing like a seed must first be planted in the heart of the child in his home or church as well as at school and in the community. There he must see those ethics and ideals projected by living example into daily life.

A government or a society reflect the level of the individuals that comprise it. Were each man or woman God-inspired to live to his or her highest in every detail of his or her home life, community life, and working life, the world would be transformed.

Let us pray for purity, for love, for truth, for justice to inspire all we think or do. . . and for the courage to live and be what we pray for.

What a difference one such God-filled lifetime could make to those around us.

I LEARN TO FLOAT

Emily Sargent Councilman

"KEEP your fingers close together," my father said, teaching me to swim in the cool mountain lake near where we lived. He taught me the stroke—over and ahead as far as I could reach, one arm after the other, again, again. . . . Awkward at first, I finally got the hang of it.

"The kick is easy—a flutter," he showed me. "Now stroke and kick together. I'm holding you. . . . Good. Soon you will be swimming anywhere you want to, without me holding onto you."

Before long I was gliding easily all on my own, cupped hands flashing in and out, in and out, in time with my racing heartbeat and accompanied by the counter-rhythm of moving water cool and comfortable. The feeling of freedom, the sense of accomplishment exhilirated me. I was swimming!

But I found I tired easily. And I wanted to swim all the way to the other side of the lake. "Teach me to float on my back," I said to my father, "so I can rest when I get tired."

"To float?" he said. "You don't need a teacher for floating! Just lean back, far back, and trust yourself to the water. You'll float."

Many tries later, I asked my father, "Why can't I float?"

"You can," he said, "—whenever you are ready to trust the water. Do you believe it will hold you up?"

"I know it holds *you* up. But I guess I'm . . . scared."

"I know, Daughter. Sometimes I am afraid. Yes," he answered the surprise in my eyes and then asked, "What do you do at other times when you're afraid?"

"Well. . . at night, when I wake up and hear noises, I remember my special prayer from the Bible and I talk to God, When I am afraid, then I will trust in You."

My father nodded. "Yes, that helps me, too. Have you prayed that prayer here in the lake, wanting to float?"

"No, not yet. I will—in a minute."

"Then you will float." He smiled. "Floating is a good time for me to talk over anything with God. And there's another Bible verse I think of often, 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' Maybe you will want to think of that, too."

I did. *Underneath are the everlasting arms.* And I floated! My body found its own balance and resting-place, gently rocking on the water. It happened—just like a miracle.

Soon I was swimming (my father only *near* me) all the way across the lake, stopping to float when my bones and muscles ached. I rested until ready to go on, looking up to the near blue sky, feeling with all of me, *underneath are the everlasting arms,* saying *thank You* and other things to God.

IN THE DEEP WATERS of my life since then, many times I have found myself bone-weary, tense. Sometimes doubting, fearing, I have asked desperately, *Have I lost my way? How can I be sure? this is the right way to the other side of the lake for me?*

Now I know—when I stop swimming in order to talk with God, I find my bearings and, in time, feel His arms supporting me, enfolding me, rocking my body and spirit into stillness above the deep waters. And looking up to the near blue sky, I can listen, knowing His Spirit is within me to restore and strengthen me for the next lap of my swim to the other side of the lake.

It is His lake, all of it.

I am His child.

And underneath are the everlasting arms.

PROGRESS TO THE BACKWARD CLIMB

Thomas O. Perkins

I would
like to set
the world
back
about two thousand years
Spiritually.

RED BADGE

Bettie M. Sellers

In my well-kept borders,
I summerly tend bright and feathery fronds
of crimson amaranth
to remind me
of a gallant lady.

Aunt Jane was bent with toil
and seventy plodding years.
She proudly wore faded layers of cast-off garments. . .
strange and fascinating Joseph's coat
of many lengths and hues.
In her small frame house,
a brood of tiny "granchirren,"
scarcely-feathered nestlings,
opened constant and hungry mouths
for the gnarled black hands to feed.
After her long day's work
in my mother's kitchen,
where did she find energy
to so transfigure
her sagging doorstep and broom-clean yard
with such rich profusion
of tall red cockscomb?

SNOWDROPS OF SPRING

Eleanor Ebersole

THE SONG SPARROW had been gone for most of the winter. Now it was back.

"Always there," thought the song sparrow about the locust tree standing singly in the field as it had for many years.

"There you are," observed the sparrow about the warm rocks that offered shelter and a place for hopping about.

"And blueberry bush! I knew you would be there." The song sparrow slipped into the bramble of its branches, perhaps to test the possibility of building a nest within its protection.

"Hello, willow. I see you are turning green and dancing

in the dance of spring."

On and on the song sparrow went nodding reassuringly at each landmark left of necessity months before.

"What is this in the grass! Something new? A white bell flower! I would remember if you had been there before. And more tiny white flowers!"

The song sparrow flew to a high branch of its old friend the maple tree where it had perched many times.

"Like snow dropped in the grass," the sparrow thought. "Snowdrops of spring."

Then through the cool morning air came the sparrow's clear song.

Everything was there, and something new.

Though the snowdrops lasted only a few days, the sparrow did not seem to mind. On through the summer the songbird sang its bright trills. All was well, and would be, should it leave again, and then return.

IF NOT YOU

Florence B. Unangst

Who will feed the alley cat,
If not you?
Who will dry tears of a child,
If not you?
Who will strive for peace,
If not you?
There are things to do
By you.
Things not done by others, but
By you.
Who will love his brother,
If not you?
Who will live abundantly,
If not you?

MORE TALES

From ARCANE STORIES—SECOND SERIES

by Francis Merchant

Marionettes

AFTER THE APPLAUSE of a performance by marionettes, the curtain was drawn, and the audience went home. Silence descended on the stage, and only the tinkling sound of rain falling on the roof could be heard.

Now the Clown, a gaudily dressed puppet, had for a long time wished to speak to the gaily appareled Duchess, and he thought the appropriate time had come.

"It was a very successful evening, don't you think?" asked the Clown, addressing the Duchess.

"I'm not so sure," she replied.

"You heard the wild applause we received at the end of the performance, didn't you?" the Clown observed. "Surely that's a sign of approval."

"Of course, we were warmly applauded," agreed the Dutchess, "but that's a purely secondary matter."

"It is?" exclaimed the Clown. "I thought that meant everything."

"That's why you're a Clown," the Duchess said pointedly.

"Well, if applause isn't the main issue, what is?"

"Haven't you observed," she pointed out, "that our performances, though we are actors, concern real human beings?"

"True," agreed the Clown, "but what of it?"

"We are really dealing with their lives, not with ours," the Duchess replied.

"Could you make the matter plainer?" the Clown asked. "I don't think I'm following your thought."

"To put it bluntly, then," the Duchess said reflectively, "they are the marionettes, not we. They think they're free, just

as we do, but they're the puppets of Time, Life, and Circumstances. They mouth parts just the way we do. They have their moment on the stage, but what they say is about as significant as our declamations."

The Clown looked at her with increased respect. "I knew you were beautiful, but I didn't realize you were philosophical as well."

"If they receive a bit of applause," the Duchess continued, "they think they're successful. Oh, if only I were a human being, I'd show them what it means to be gifted with a soul."

"I'm sure you would," the Clown nodded. "It's too bad marionettes can't speak their own thoughts instead of having words put into their mouths."

A Mole In A Hole

A NATURALIST discovered that some creatures—moles, for example—once had eyes, but that they atrophied in the course of time because of disuse. He pondered on this singular phenomenon. Why would a creature that had been given the gift of eyesight by Nature refuse to use these organs?

One day he went to a zoo and studied a specimen mole. It took him some time to establish a rapport with the little creature and to communicate with him. At length, however, he succeeded, and the record of their conversation, if such it can be called, will help human beings understand the subtle perspectives of the common mole.

"Is it true," asked the naturalist, "that your ancestors once had eyes?"

"Quite," replied the mole.

"But that they did not choose to use them?"

"Precisely" was the answer.

"Why did you allow this gift to be lost?" the naturalist questioned.

"What's so special about eyes?" the mole wanted to know.

"For one thing, they keep you informed about what's going on."

"What's the good of knowing?" said the mole. "You see animals destroying animals, and human beings killing other human beings. It's too terrible to contemplate. How much nicer it is to go underground in a snug hole and stay there. You don't see what's going on, and you're better off. My ancestors knew what they were doing when they refused to use their eyes. Curled up in the earth, they had no sense of responsibility for what's going on. Nobody can blame them for anything; nobody can hold them responsible for the ills of the world. That's a mole's philosophy, and I've found it completely adequate for my needs. All I want to be is a mole in a hole; that's where I'm happiest."

The naturalist shook his head and walked away.

Don't Sleep and You Won't Dream

A SCHOLAR, in reading world scriptures, came upon a curious statement from which he could extract little meaning. It seems that a monk once counseled his disciples, "Don't sleep and you won't dream." The scholar pondered the matter for some time, but could not compass its significance.

After a time the scholar went to various men of discernment, asking what the monk's counsel meant.

A business magnate, more accustomed to money transactions than to metaphysical subtleties, frustratedly declared, "It's as obvious as the nose on your face that you won't dream if you don't go to sleep. To counsel a man not to sleep is of little help to a person who is exhausted by fatigue."

A psychologist responded by saying, "What's wrong with dreams? The statement should be rewritten to read, 'Sleep on, but remember your dreams.'"

A linguistics expert amended the statement as follows, "Don't dream and you won't sleep."

Finally the scholar consulted a theologian.

"Sleep is not only physical," he said. "It may also be intellectual or spiritual. Many people are awake to what is unreal and asleep to what is real. These germs are relative. The wakefulness of the personality may be the sleep of the soul, and vice versa. The varied goals of a material nature that men pursue may be called dreams. 'Don't sleep!' is an admonition not to fall into a state of inertia and unawareness. 'You won't dream' means that you will not pursue the shadows at which unthinking men grasp. Be awake to the eternal, and you won't fall prey to the dream of the ephemeral and evanescent."

REMBRANDT'S *OLD MAN PRAYING*

Patrick M. Ellingham

Does old age bring anything but pain?
Is there dignity in wearing scars
wrought by time and man in equal measure?
Piety and humility are the sole province
of the old and poor,
the rich don't waste their time in prayer,
proud and cold, their God is not to be found
in well-worn texts, on bended knees
in eye-closed, hand-clasping darkness.
Their sanctity is frozen in stained-glass windows
or hewn from granite for church cornerstones.
The old man lives, canvas and paint cease to exist.
The artist, himself bent and ragged,
has given us ourselves, our primeval selves,
stripped of all our wealth of civilization,
kneeling in the darkness of our past,
bathed in a limitless, ethereal light,
forgetting all that has come before, good or bad,
thankful for the chance of life: our sole reward.
For us, there is nothing else to know.

VALLEE BLANCHE

Nina Romano

From the cable car I see
A desert of white snow.
It stretches out – virgin and unsoiled by the human element.
But, surely, God has been here some millenium ago
Because the lines of His hand are seen –
Deep crevices that break the glacier extending downward. . .
An unconceivable distance –
Something comparable to what children term
The depth of God's love.

PRIORITY

Pollyanna Sedziol

She called to say she would be late
— at least as much as a half an hour —
and perhaps I had things to do. . .
so I thought, and suddenly I knew
the most important thing I had to do
was to pray for you

(not, forgive me, the true prayer
of spiritual communion, forever my goal,
but at least the primary prayer of listing). . . .

So I began naming one by one
the circles of my life and love and needs
knowing God already knows them, and more —

then
for a quarrel unreconciled,
for opportunities lost or ignored
again
for these with specifics —
the blind, the maimed, the ill
again
for guidance, for light —
well, at least for obedience
again
for all the individual multitudes
who know no moments like these
again

again
then as the bell rang, an afterthought
(ashamed of that!) of praise, of thanks
amen!

NO TIME

L.J. Stout

Yesterday
There wasn't any time
To pray.

I couldn't take
Even a minute
To make

The shortest prayer,
Remember that God
Was there.

But today
I find myself in trouble—
I'll pray!

SEED FOR ALL SEASONS

Alma Ebert

It is always planting time.
Now
Is the acceptable time for growth.
All things are working together
To bring a harvest
For the believer.
The soil is always ready
For such seed;
The spark of life
In the seed
Is always ready to germinate:
Bud. . . blossom. . . fruit.

From THE CHRONICLE OF REALITY

THE PRACTICE OF TRUTH

George Edwin Burnell

HITHERTO the form of the impartation has been almost exclusively theoretical. Not that theory is any damage to truth. The word "theory" means "the god of it." As, if you were to take up any subject and propose to explain the god of it, that would be its theory. Inferentially, that would be all there is to it. Practically, it would be useless.

We want to give you a definition of the difference between the theory of truth or the theory of God, and the practice of truth which we know to be a science. Practice consists in the possession and, let us say, commandment, of active ideas.

An active idea is one that cannot be contained in its own dimension. A tame idea is one that never has any tendency to jump over the fence, but sees the reality of all limitations. Even though the reality is called unreality, it stays quietly on the right side of the fence. An active idea is a cross-dimensional idea. It was on that account that Jesus said, Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow me. Because no one could follow Him unless he had ideas that knew no fences.

Naturally, a human being feels, when he uses the word "active," as if it were like a wind blowing through the trees, or the forceful current of a stream, or the discharge of an electric or magnetic force, or the influence of the mind on one's fellows and affairs, or the operation of the intellect; or something that should take hold of the problems, should harness to the labors. Let me repeat: An active idea is one that will not do anything in its own dimension. A tame idea is one that will sit still, or move around very quietly, or in a very lively manner, but always in its own dimension; it will never cross the line. An active idea never stays on the same side of any line.

The theories about God and truth and infinitude, Spirituali-

ty, Spirit itself; the theories, while they may be the veritable truth, unless they are active in the sense of leaping across the dimensional condition of the false mind, will be malpractice; they will convince you of your inability; they will assure you that you are faithful, but good-for-nothing.

If this world is an absolute unreality, spectral, a watch in the night, a dream without a dreamer, can the Spirit of truth partake in its existence, do you think? Do you think that the Spirit of truth engages in the jurisdiction of the dreams of spectralities, and is the savior of unrealities and lies? Suppose you did find out that this world were an unreality, a specter of your imagination or thought; suppose you did; would that convince you, or help you to believe that the Eternal Spirit, the infinite and everlasting God, would take part in such an unreality?

In order to get at this activity, we must have, we will say, a laboratory, a laboratory of properties; and we will provide ourselves in this fashion: we will say, supposing one is asleep on the bed or the couch, and he dreams of a desert—camels, horses, merchandise-loaded. And there is romance in his dream: his wife, his family, his friends, his companions, and the adventure of his heart, are engaged in this journey through the sands. And he himself, although upon the bed, walks by the camels; and he loves his companions. And in the affair it turns out that it gets very dry; it does that way in the desert; it gets very dry. And they are all parched with thirst; and he expects to come to an oasis. But it happens that he does not find this oasis. What he finds is only mirage; and his hopes sink. And he says, If we do not find a spring of water and the shade of trees nourished therein, we shall all die of thirst. So he becomes very restless upon his bed, very restless upon his bed, because of his anxiety for the caravan. The camels and the horses have been given stomachs; they need water. These companions need water, and the skies are brass. So, what shall we do for these camels and these horses and these companions, this man's wife and family, his possibilities of education and art, his going on, to the transfer of his merchandise and his finding the end of his dreams? What shall we do for him?

You know, many philosophers have felt that inasmuch as there is no reality to this world — from heart to skin there is nothing real in it; it is only the substance of a dream — why not, therefore, since it is evil to the roots, disband it, with a kick in the head of the sleeper?

Jesus said to His disciples one day, I am going away to a place where you cannot come. I prayed the Father, not that you should be taken from this world, but that you should be delivered from the evil thereof; which would seem to mean that if this world is a dream, nevertheless it is forbidden to destroy it, or any part of it, unless it be evil.

What, then, shall we do for this man and his camels? What are we going to do for this man and his wife and his children and his camels and his merchandise?

I will tell you what happened in this particular instance, because it is a true story.

Suppose this man who is on the bed asleep, has a friend who is beside him, but awake. And in the true art of friendship, a friend is yourself. That is the eminent and noble science of unity. Anyway, he sees this sleeper; and he puts his finger in a glass of water and sprays it on this sleeper's forehead, and it partially wakens him. And the result is that instead of dreaming mirages, he dreams rivers and springs and oases with trees with branches developed therefrom.

Let us remember: We are in the presence of truth! Is that water real water or chimerical water, with which his brow is sprayed, so that it refreshes him, so that he awakens from his dream of the dry desert; and from the repertoire of his mind digs up a place by the stream?

What I am trying to show you is this: the action of a trans-dimensional idea. Now, what we mean by dimensions, in mortal mind or the mind of unreality, is this, as illustrated by the waking-state and the dream-state. Those are two dimensions of that mind. It is the same mind that is asleep that is awake, but two dimensions of that mind. The result is, that what happens to him in his sleep-state will come forth in his dream.

The camels did not see this friend at all, although he may

have been in the dream, too. He may have been one of the friends who was in the procession with the caravan; but his eyes were open and his mind was clear, and he understood the science of cross-dimensional activities. And he delivered to the dream that which was appropriate thereto.

I am trying to illustrate to you what is an actual truth concerning the law of increase. Let me ask you: If he sprays a drop, or two drops, or six or five drops, on the brow of this tormented sleeper, how much water gets over into the dream?

Hah, enough for all the camels and the rivers besides! This is the law: when an active idea crosses a dimension, there is increase in proportion to the relationship between the dimensions. If the active idea were a Spiritual idea, it would be infinite, and there would be no increase in truth concerned in the affair. But in a relativity of dimensions, such as is the nature of the faculties of the mind, a cross-dimensional idea produces very nearly an infinite increase; because a drop of water produces an oasis, a river, a stream, enough for all the camels and the people. And it produces trees.

Now, this man with the camels, does he know anything about the sleeper on the bed?

No; never heard of him. He does not know, then, how to get any help from this sleeper, does he? He does not know that he himself was produced by this sleeper. Suppose he has been informed; suppose this friend who is in his dream beside him, is awake, and he says to the sleeper, You yourself are the creator of all these things.

If, however, it appears that you find yourself in a dream-world, and are told it is a dream-world, you say, 'Where is the dreamer?'

Well, where is he? Is he located anywhere, or is he spilled all over existence so that you can't trap him or get hold of him? Isn't he on a bed anywhere? The steward that Jesus found in charge when He came.

This man in the dream doesn't know about the man on the bed. But this friend beside the man on the bed, does. So he tells the sleeper, Here now, it is just as easy for you to produce oases

as it is to produce mirage. He is telling him the truth, isn't he?

The Lord came into this world, according to the story, and said to everybody, You shall not be taken out of this world. Death is not the science of escape. You don't get into heaven by death. What you have to do is to learn the secret of good ideas, good conditions, Spiritual life which is immortal. You are not allowed to break up the dream, according to that science. There couldn't be any science of salvation if it consisted in murdering your difficulties, together with everything associated with them. What Jesus said was, Let the wheat and the tares grow together until the time of the harvest. And He had provided, in the history of man's exixtence, now and then a sprinkling of refreshment. And various wonderful activities had taken place, which people couldn't explain very well; but they said it was the action of God, who, at sundry times and in divers places, by the prophets and by the angels, had ministered unto man things that were true.

...the action of truth crosses into any possible dimension of supposed exixtence; transmits its veritable reality in the form of healing, in the form of happiness, in the form of increase of all things, in the destruction of all evil and limitation and material law, by an action upon the source thereof, apparently; a source which to it does not exist, but which to those who minister, is perceived.

What, then, shall we say of this transmission? Is it the transmission of a compromise of reality? That is to say, because this man is in a dream, he has a transmission of reality that amounts only to a dream, because the Spirit will compromise? after the saying, He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb — or something like that. The critics will help this out!

The action of truth is truth; not a fiction; truth itself, everywhere and always, whether it goes into a dream or into a waking-state which is equally unreal to itself. The waking-state is just as unreal to itself, and is the embodiment of tame ideas. The dream-state is a circle of tame ideas. All the different states are little corrals of sheep-ideas, without sex, emasculated, good-for-nothing, waiting for a bell, praying for a bell! But at once there arrives a Spiritual idea, it is absolute truth.

What produces the result is the action of third-dimensional water on the third-dimensional brow of the third-dimensional sleeper, and it goes into the dream a transmission of an appropriate oasis. You see, where is your truth? Is there any truth in that activity at all? I will answer: The truth is always the good. Whatever is good, whatever is healing, whatever is uplifting and inspiring, is absolute reality. Whether it takes place in a dream, or in a waking-state, or the deep sleep-state, or in the hells, or in any of the transcendental heavens, the good is always the Supreme Being, wherever!

The beginning of the affair is the discovery of the activity of the image; for it is written that God made man after the fashion of His own image and likeness, and gave to him the government of all things. Because the secret of transmission is the activity of that immortal unity — the image, the form; the mind throwing itself into an active form irresistible to all dimensions.

We shall interpret the activity of transmission by that celebrated word of the late 19th and early 20th century Renaissance of religious-philosophical thought called reflection. That word cannot be used by any human being who does not believe, or does not see, that the reflection of an entity is the same as itself, and is the transmission of itself in full! For those who knew of that Act of God, by means of which He delivered Himself into His Son in toto, and gave Him the government of all things, and made Him Himself, so that there could be recognition and identity; for those He provided the act of worship, which is that communion and unity of the image and its activity. The name of this unity in the science of its action, is the image reproducing itself; and this is called the reflection. It does this by a cross-dimensional proceeding which is always, in the case of a Spiritual idea infinitely productive. In the Spiritual world, there is no law of increase. It is only in the mind of the steward that this bargaining has to be abolished. Because Jesus said, When I found the steward whom I left in charge of my garden, when I found him bargaining with the people in it, I said to him that if he would carry on this sharp practice, this malpractice, I would remove him and put one in who would be honest; and where this one made stomachs, he would

make water and food; and where he made hearts, he would make them to beat in unison; and where he made people, he would make them full of harmony and love and intelligence, instead of giving to thousands of beings but a fragment of mere affection to hold them together. When He found that His steward was bargaining in this affair, and was dealing out from the sleeper, unrealities, bogus states, mirages and deceptions and delusions. He said, This shall go on no longer!

Now then, the instruction has come to this point: Where your bag of theories, as Lao-tsze says, is going to be cut through, the satchels shall be emptied, and the science shall be offered; the science of the transmission of the Spiritual activity of the eternal Mind let in upon what you may call a dream, but which is no dream at all.

(George Edwin Burnell's THE CHRONICLE OF REALITY has been edited and published by Narcissa G. Chamberlain. Readers interested by this selection--or by 'Devotion,' published in FIP for April, 1976--can order copies of the book by sending queries to the Editor.)

IN MIRRORED BEAUTY

Howard A. Dettmers

In mirrored beauty by the sylvan lakes
The white-stoled lily now disperses gloom
Through essence from her perfume on the bloom
That in her hidden mortar nature makes.
To grace the border of vine-covered brakes,
There, from warp shelter, dampened in the ground
The root from sunlight haven safely found
To grow white cups that hold the dew each takes.

Such workmanship! —as though it was embossed
Gold-banded in immaculate display
That bear no mark of winter's icy frost
Your silken leaves now gently bend and sway,
To fan fragile belief — when almost lost —
Of incamation on this calm spring day.

THE ANGELIC DOCTOR (Thomas Aquinas)

Michaelina Buonocore

There was an Aquinian nobleman
reared in style and grace befitting royal ancestry
who shunned shallow living espoused plan
decreeed for scion of proud aristocracy.
He had a calling family spurned solemnly
scholastic pursuance with divine flair
thus Tomasso fought doggedly as heir.

Prince born steeped in wealth chose to persevere
a mendicant vocation to abase
ruling dynasty of Europe as peer.
Outraged kin abducted youth, left him to pace
in castle's dungeon, a suitable place
to reflect, much time for thought, none for body's need
no pleas or mother's tears made him concede.

His shrewd brothers devised another scheme
sent allurement to tempt young man in cell
with blazing fire-rod chased nymph out full steam
so Tomasso put to flight screaming belle
twofold agony, soul and body hell
naught could seduce the well-born from high throne
nor convert virtue to unholy tone.

Distressed Pope intervened, granted degree
a rare honor, enabling Tomasso to teach
anywhere as Master of Sacred Theology.
From focal thrust of Paris then forereach
to science oriented highest speech
renowned Naples University, a feat
to stir the academic world's elite.

As writing proliferated so spread
the universality of Thomistic
system. Centuries later, seven hundred years ahead
of time, still thread of intelligentsia's rhetoric.
Yet, Tomasso penned simple works to delight angelic
host, to touch modest hearts — the supreme test:
learn from humblest in visionary quest.

There was joy in the world as Tomasso
earned chairs of learning — a ranking philosopher.
As fleeting days folded years away, so
Tomasso's explosive talents turned to Rome's myrrh;

he heard distant chant, eternal harmonic spur.
As his journeys increased like spider's web
across face of Europe so he defied time's web.

The garden of life offered choicest seed-time
yet too brief to reach greater ascendancy
in goal towards interiors perfect climb.
Tomasso prayed in earnest for humility
implored to be spared mortal infirmity,
sin of arrogance, aware of his littleness
as the handiwork of his Creator's caress.

O sanctifying grace — omniscient Father
through your splendid flower, the chaste Tomasso
triumphed by glory of inspired word, further
exalted man's estate by immense glow
of *Summa Theologica*, would foreshadow
Dante's pilgrimage to summit above:
prayer taught Tomasso more than book learning of God's love.

A giant intellect, adviser to the greatest
Tomasso humbly mingled with vendors-beggars; he
went to market places, cheering lowliest,
widening corridor of heart's tendency.
His presence did more than sermons' sublimity
infusing spirit of holy one — for a saint
renounces all for the poor and needy without restraint.

(From THE ANGELIC DOCTOR AND OTHER POEMS)

WAITING

Terry W. Brown

So many evenings
we've spent this way——
waiting for birth
home from a date
grandchildren.

And now it seems
we're waiting again——
waiting for death.

I am glad I found
someone like you
to wait with——

ARE YOU LISTENING

John E. Vance

Does God get through
To you, brother?

Tonight you will go
On a dream flight.

Jacob learned from dreams;
Joseph translated dreams.

God calls through dark and light,
Burning bush and still small voice.

He grabs you through rainbows,
His book, and gentle people.

Do you hear voices of the cross,
The dove, the salt, the fig tree?

Are you listening, recording,
And interpreting, brother?

WORK

Nina Willis Walter

IT IS DISTURBING to find that many of the adult citizens in our society, as well as highschool and college students, firmly believe that work is a curse and that the happiest human being is the one who does as little of it as possible. It is disturbing to find that many people who work with their hands have no respect for their jobs and little respect for themselves because they are doing their jobs.

A custodian in one of the Los Angeles city schools, a middle-aged man who has held his job for many years, told me the following story, which illustrates something important about the dignity of work.

"I was a young man when I first came to this school, and

I didn't think much of my job. I thought everybody else looked down on me because I was just a janitor—that's what they called us in those days.

"One afternoon I was sent to a classroom to move a bookcase. While I was struggling with it, one of the teachers came in. He took off his coat and helped me with that bookcase just as if it was his job. He had such a good time doing it that I was puzzled.

"'How come you did that?' I asked. 'You didn't have to. That kind of work is for ignorant people like me.'

"'That kind of work is for anybody who sees a job that needs doing,' he said. 'You and I just did something important. We made room for another bookcase so that more books can be put in here for the students to read—books like this one.'

"He opened the bookcase and took out a book called *Walden*. It was by a man named Thoreau who built a little house all by himself.

"'Here's a book for you,' he said, 'a present. I hope you will read it. It was written by a man who thought that when a man works with his hands he acquires dignity and justifies his existence. I think so, too.'

"Well, I read that book, and I saw what the teacher meant. I have never been ashamed of my job since that day. Whenever I meet somebody who thinks I am lower than he, because of the kind of work I do, I don't feel inferior. I just feel sorry for him because he hasn't learned that we are put on this earth to work and that every honest job is a good job."

After finishing his story, the custodian looked at me expectantly.

"Do you really believe that?" I asked.

"I do," he replied. "And I think that a man who won't work does not deserve the life God gave him. He is like one of those things I heard a science-teacher talking about—you know, plants that live on other plants instead of digging in the ground for their own living."

"Parasites," I supplied.

"That's it," he agreed. "I don't think God wants a man to be a parasite."

As I watched him walk away, a man grown old in the service of one generation after another of students, I pondered the wisdom of his words. I thought I knew the secret of his contentment. He had found the secret of successful living.

Life demands that people justify their physical existence. Society demands that people justify their presence and their membership in the human race. God demands that people justify the grace and mercy extended to them, the hope of immortality, the salvation of their souls.

People justify their physical existences by surviving through their own efforts; for the first principle of life is survival. The struggle for survival is the elemental force at every level. One who gives up the struggle no longer deserves to survive. One who depends on another for survival becomes a parasite and parasites are on the side of destruction, not on the side of survival.

Society does not condemn as parasites those who have grown old in service, or have been disabled in service, and now must depend on others for their physical sustenance. Those in whom the will to live is strong, who by their courage in face of hardship or defeat can inspire others to nobler efforts, do contribute to the survival of the group as well as those who earn the money to buy food.

People justify their social survival by contributing something to society, by helping to preserve and to improve that society, and by being concerned about the welfare of the group. They accept their share of responsibility for the society in which they live and their share of guilt for the errors made by that society.

People also justify their social survival by standing on their own feet, taking care of those for whom they are personally responsible, and refusing to become parasites. They help those

weaker than themselves, encourage them to grow and develop toward independence and responsibility, and in every way possible try to be good family leaders, good neighbors, and good citizens.

People justify their spiritual survival by learning and obeying God's laws and by glorifying God in everything they do. They learn to distinguish good from evil and to choose the good. They learn the difference between carnal desires and spiritual yearnings and choose spiritual values as their goals. They are continually concerned with the spiritual development of themselves and of those for whom they are responsible. By emphasizing the things of the spirit, and by constantly working to meet their obligations to humanity and to God, they become the kind of human beings that God intended them to be.

SPACE AGE

Edna Margaret Long

Pockets
are boys' perogatives.

Tailors
and haberdashers
should never underestimate
the length
and breadth of sling-shots,
yoyos, frogs,
and peanut-butter sandwiches.

No mini-pockets, please,
in their mackinaws
and dungarees.

WHAT WILL BE

Eleanor Ebersole

Oh Lord
help me not to worry
about what will be

for,
what I can imagine
may not necessarily come

and
what I cannot imagine
may well be done.

THE DISCIPLE WHO LIKED BONES

Joan Elliott Pickart

I WAS A VERY NERVOUS first-time mother who was beginning to think I would never be able to reorganize the workings of the household since the arrival of this newest member.

Then when our baby was six weeks old, my husband arrived on the threshold one evening with a strange lump beneath his overcoat. To my total dismay, it proved to be a squirming German Shepherd puppy approximately the same age as our son Jeff.

The reply to my shrieking reaction of "How can you do this to me?" was "Every boy should have a dog." Whereupon said animal was deposited in the middle of the living-room floor and, being upset by everything that was happening to him, proceeded to throw up.

As if receiving a secret signal that we were having a crisis, Jeff woke up screaming.

This was the beginning of our lives as owners of a puppy.

The furry member of the household was named "Buck," and I have this to say for him: he potty-trained much faster than Jeff. He grew faster, too, and seemed to get very large very rapidly.

When about six months had passed, a real rapport began to develop between these little ones so new to the world. Jeff was just beginning to crawl, and I noticed that Buck was always near no matter where the baby ventured. It didn't take long to realize that Buck felt maternal about this infant, and as they grew, the dog was on keen alert and immediately by the baby's side if a stranger approached the house. I marveled at this wonderful instinct for love and protection and felt that perhaps God had blessed all people with it, too, but a great many of us have gotten so busy cluttering up our lives that it was buried long ago.

One day when the two were about a year old, I gave Jeff a cookie as he pattered into the kitchen, which he immediately broke in half and gave half of to Buck. I was about to tell him not to give it to the dog, when I hesitated—I was witnessing a beautiful example of Christian sharing and had almost stopped it!

I began to pay more attention to the relationship between the two. They were just babies but seemed like wise old men at times as they trusted one another, relied on each other for companionship, and continued to reap the joys of sharing a cookie with a friend. So many lessons in life that I later would have tried to teach Jeff were being lived and learned then, and I was grateful.

Years have passed since that trembling puppy arrived at our home. Jeff is fifteen and just beginning to really start knowing about living, while Buck has almost reached the end of his share of life. Over the years, they maintained the same faith and belief in each other, and they were never disappointed.

The lessons we all learned from Buck have stayed with us. For in a special way he has been a real Disciple for Christ.

I STAND INTO WHITE ARCHES TURN TO SEE, LIFT A TRINITY

Each span sends separate roots
firms its own earth
sprints to join, bends a white
spring like a banyan tree
roots in hope, lifts again, again.
A lifting up of snowed-on
man-made branches, peaceful
in tragedy, or love.
When I lift, I feel clean.

Nixeon Civille Handy

GOD SPEAKS TO ME

Martha Fowler Reichle

God speaks to me through everyone
I contact day by day,
In conversation, thought, and deed,
His truth illumes my way;
Though beauteous nature shouts His praise
With rainbow hues and song,
Even the common places raise
Their voices, loud and long.

God speaks to me no matter where
I venture each new dawn,
And sometimes, when I listen well,
I hear Him cross my lawn;
Within the face of every flower
His countenance I see,
Birds bring His love in song each hour.
God speaks through all to me!

CINQUAIN *by Richard Ward*

You are
my strength, my source
of bliss. You drive away
my blues with Your hope. You are my
refuge.

NEW BOOKS. Among the most generous contributors of new books for us to review and use in our library is Philosophical Library, Inc., 15 East 40 Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Their latest contribution is *The Essene Plan,* by Leo F. Motylewski, which is bound to interest all readers who have been fascinated by the revelations provided by the famous Dead Sea Scrolls.

IMPORTANT PEOPLE. Fellowship in Prayer's Advisors—placed all around this country and the world—have been and continue to be extremely important to the growth of the Fellowship. They are actively engaged in spreading its message, some initiating prayer-groups in their home vicinities for the sake of "a world united in prayer." *(For a list of those currently active, see our masthead on page 36 of this issue.)* Equally important are the Contributing Editors. They submit their own high-quality work, make the publication known to other writers, distribute copies of it to readers who will appreciate it and might care to subscribe to it.

ARE YOU MOVING?

Let Us Know As Soon as Possible

If you are planning to move,

please send us your new address as soon as you can.

Be sure to include apartment numbers and Zip Codes

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
200 East 36 Street, Room 10-E, New York, N. Y. 10016

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

William Hung, President Emeritus Peter V. K. Funk, President Emeritus

Reuben L. Musey, President

Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, Vice President
Paul Griffith, Vice President
Francis Merchant, Vice President
Edwiene Schmitt, Vice President
Samuel M. Silver
Mrs. Virginia J. Tirado

Kathryn G. Brown, Executive Secretary and Asst. Treasurer
Paul Griffith, Editor and Asst. Treasurer

ACTIVE ADVISORS

Ray Allen Albert (Virginia)
Velta Myrle Allen (California)
Dorothy Barko (New York)
Katherine L. Beech (Illinois)
Dennis Barry Carroll (Maryland)
Emilie, Lady Coote (England)
Juliet H. Crist (California)
Zelma S. Dennis (California)
Georgia Palmer Dishner (Tennessee)
Mrs. W. H. Freeman (Massachusetts)
Rev. Henry J. Gernhardt (Idaho)
John Akpan Imah (Nigeria)
Hsuan-min Liu (Canada)
Georgia H. Marin (New Hampshire)
Mrs. Reuben L. Musey (Maryland)
Mrs. Charles Oakes (North Carolina)
Mrs. Mildred Seydell (Georgia)
Dr. Teh-yao Wu (Singapore)

* *

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Emily Sargent Councilman
Betty Miller Daly
William Walter De Bolt
Eleanor Ebersole
Nixeon Civille Handy
Catherine Cabeen Houck
Lillian Koerner
Mildred Long
Emma S. McLaughlin
Carla Patsuris
Marion J. Richardson
Swami Ritajananda

GIVE us, O God, the vision which can see Thy love in the world in spite of human failure. Give us the faith, the trust, the goodness in spite of our ignorance and weakness. Give us the knowledge that we may continue to pray with understanding hearts and show us what each of us can do to set forth the coming of the day of universal peace.

First Prayer from Space, Apollo 8

(Views expressed by contributors do not necessarily represent those of the Fellowship or its Editor.)

ETERNAL LIFE

This world
was steeped
in blackest
sin when God
sent down
His Son to
preach and
teach His Word until the wayward world was won. And Jesus walked and worked and healed in Ancient Galilee, then tragically on Calvary's cross He died for you and
me. On Easter morning-
He arose as
mankind's
greatest
Friend. Now
we can have
eternal life.
The grave is
not the end.

Blanche Landers